

C97-15

University of Toronto • Faculty of Music • Walter Hall • February 27, 1997 • 12:10pm

THURSDAY NOON SERIES

Music & Poetry



Benjamin Britten *Serenade*

SIDE A

“Night, sleep, dreams: the visionary world of Benjamin Britten.”
a talk by Prof. Eric Domville



SIDE B

Serenade, op. 31 (1943)

Benjamin Britten
(1913 - 1976)

Prologue (Horn Solo)
Pastoral (Cotton)
Nocturne (Tennyson)
Elegy (Blake)
Dirge (Anonymous, 15th Century)
Hymn (Ben Jonson)
Sonnet (Keats)
Epilogue (Horn solo, off stage)

Michael Colvin, *tenor*
Gabriel Radford, *horn*
University of Toronto Chamber Orchestra
David Zafer, *conductor*
Eric Domville, *commentator*

University of Toronto Chamber Orchestra

Violin 1

Ellen Jung ⊕
Daniel Bard ⊕
Sheilanne Lindsay ≈
Katherine Pawluk
Martin McNally
Emilio Sanchez

Violin 2

Soo Jung Yu ♦
Jason Collins
Kate Unrau
Maria Nenoiu
Cecilia Chang
James Swan

Viola

Max Mandel ♦
Dale Kim
Daniel Trinh
Jill Clarke

Cello

Rachel Mercer *
Julie Jung *
Meran Currie-Roberts
Karen Houston

Bass

Daniel Found
Joe Phillips

⊕ *Concertmaster*
≈ *Assistant concertmaster*
♦ *Principal*
* *Co-principal*



John Hawkins - Rehearsal pianist for Britten *Serenade*



The next Music and Poetry lecture/concert will take place on March 13, 1997 as part of the Thursday Noon Series. Soprano Teri Dunn will be featured in works by Luigi Dallapiccola, Derek Holman and John Hawkins, with commentary by Profs. Ray Skyrme and Eric Domville on poetry by Antonio Machado and e. e. cummings.*

** first performance*

Pastoral

Charles Cotton (1630-1687)

(from Evening Quatrains)

The day's grown old, the fainting sun
Has but a little way to run;
And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
Scarce lug the chariot down the hill.

The shadows now so long do grow
That brambles like tall cedars show,
Molehills seem mountains, and the ant
Appears a monstrous elephant.

A very little little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock;
Whilst the small stripling following them
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

And now on benches all are sat
In the cool air to sit and chat,
Till Phoebus, dipping in the west,
Shall lead the world the way to rest.

Nocturne

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892)

(from The Princess)

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

Elegy

William Blake (1757-1827)

(The Sick Rose)

O Rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Dirge

Anonymous (15th Century)

(A Lyke-Wake Dirge)

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
 Every night and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle lighte,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away are paste,
 Every night and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
 Every night and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
 Every night and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,
 And Christe receive thye saule

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
 Every night and alle,
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at laste,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
 Every night and alle,
To purgatory fire thou comest at laste,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink
 Every night and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

If meate or drinke thou never gavest nane,
 Every night and alle,
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane,
 And Christe receive thye saule

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
 Every night and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle lighte,
 And Christe receive thye saule.

Hymn

Ben Jonson (1572?-1637)

(Hymn to Cynthia)

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close:
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Sonnet

John Keats (1795-1821)

(To Sleep)

O soft embalmer of the still midnight,
 Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
Our gloom-pleas'd eyes, embower'd from the light,
 Enshaded in forgetfulness divine:
O soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
 In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
 Around my bed its lulling charities.
Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
 Save me from curious conscience, that still lords
Its strength for darkness, burrowing like a mole;
 Turn the key deftly in the oilèd wards,
And seal the hushèd casket of my soul.